

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

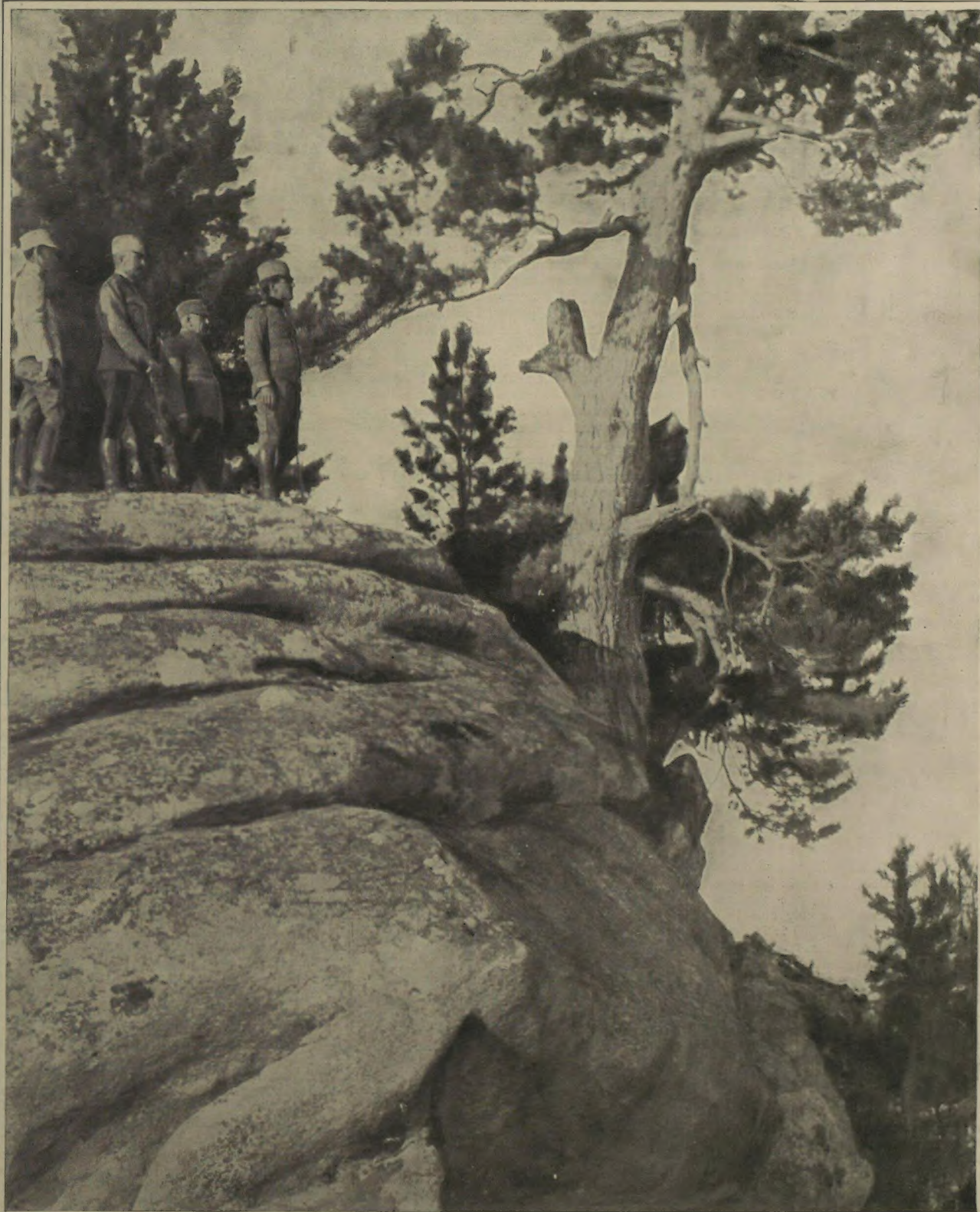
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WATCHING THE LIBERATION OF HIS COUNTRY BY THE ALLIED ADVANCE: THE PRINCE REGENT OF SERBIA.

The Crown Prince Alexander, Regent of Serbia, has recently been promoted by his father, King Peter, to the rank of General. An Order of the Day making the announcement recalled the fact that he has been with the Serbian Army, of which he is the titular Commander-in-Chief, all through the war, including the terrible retreat of 1915, when he crossed Albania with the troops after undergoing an operation, arriving at

Durazzo on a stretcher. His promotion was proposed by the Serbian Government last June, but was postponed at his own request until the day of victory arrived. He is seen here on a rock, commanding a wide view of the front, watching the advance. The figures are, from left to right, Lieut.-Col. Yourishitch, General Bolovitch, General Tershitch, and the Prince.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Prussian rulers on a recent occasion, when the blows were already beginning to fall thick and fast upon them, stated in public that they proposed to fight a purely defensive battle; and, apparently, to fight it for ever. The remark was a curious one for several reasons. As Mr. Belloc has pointed out in *Land and Water*, the very idea of a purely defensive war has no existence in war. In merely military operations the

defensive is only adopted as a measure of delay before the offensive is resumed. And no doubt the primary explanation in the Prussian case is that an offensive really is to be resumed. Only it will be what is called a peace offensive. That is the explanation, in the first instance, of the possibility of mere self-protection adopted by the Prussian ruler. If he stands in an attitude of defence at the end, he hopes to convince the world that he only stood in an attitude of defence at the beginning.

GERMANY'S REQUEST FOR AN ARMISTICE: PRINCE MAX OF BADEN. Prince Max of Baden, the new German Imperial Chancellor, sent a Note on Oct. 4 to President Wilson asking the Allies for an Armistice.—[Photograph by C.N.]

But there are other aspects of this singular assertion. Among other things, it raises the whole question of the very nature of the Prussianism that is thus protected. It may well be doubted whether anybody really stands to defend Prussia, however many people were willing to offend with her. To be in a state of defence is to be partially—or at least potentially—in a state of defeat. To be supported in a state of defeat is to be loved with a considerable devotion. I suspect that in such a case the Prussian will be found at a disadvantage in the passive part. He will be seen to be in every sense indefensible, because it has been his whole tradition to be in every sense offensive. It may well be that Prussia is only able to exist while it is able to take. Its life is in activity; and its activity is in aggression. It may be said to exist in a state of kinetic stability, like a top. But that stability involves, as it were, a perpetual striking outwards by centrifugal fury and drawing inwards by centripetal greed. The movement has been a dizzy and dazzling one, mingling many colours into one tint of field-grey. But the top was always a very wooden top, and before our very eyes it begins to waver.

It is often said amid the discontented groups in the Allied countries that the Allied Governments also are guilty of Prussianism. And, whether it is just or unjust, the statement in itself involves the complete condemnation of Prussia. If the earthly centre of the evil were not Berlin, a man would not even say that England was adopting Prussian methods. He would be quite as likely to say that Prussia was adopting English methods. It is impossible to retort the charge of Prussianism without admitting the

charge against Prussia. It would be absurd for a man to bring a charge of Vandalism if he also maintained that the Vandals were a race of highly cultured artists and antiquaries famous for preservation of the monuments of the past. It would have been impossible to ridicule a rustic or a yokel as a Boeotian, and to maintain at the same time that Boeotia was more urbane and highly civilised than Athens. So much, I say, is obvious; the moral, as distinct from the military, defence of Prussia has always been the most difficult and even terrible of all tasks. It has been waging war on a truism. It has meant disproving a truth which men assume even in order to disprove. Everybody who has ever seen a Prussian officer knows that something or other has made him as stiff as a poker; and the modification of this view, as a logical enterprise, is like having to begin by proving that a poker is not stiff. It is not true, as the enemy himself pretends, that his military offensive is over and his military defence begun. But it is true that his military defence may soon be over, and that his moral defence will then really have begun. We shall then see exactly how much moral authority, as distinct from military force, he has ever had over the combination of Continental States which he has commanded. All else may melt away and leave the nucleus of his real national identity. I believe that that nucleus will be nothing.

Prussianism is terrorism; those who say this seldom realise how true is the thing they say. It



THE NEW KING OF BULGARIA: THE CROWN PRINCE BORIS, WHOSE FATHER HAS ABDICATED.

It was stated on October 5 that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria had abdicated in favour of his son, the Crown Prince Boris, who, as King, signed a decree to demobilise the Army.

is not in the least a lurid phrase of denunciation; it is simply a detail of historical fact. Prussia—or rather, Potsdam, which was its seed—was from

the first a thing of fear. It depended on fear as ice depends on cold. Ice in a warm climate would not be warmer; it would not be softer; it would not be better—it would not be there at all. That Prussian suzerainty which is called the German Empire would not be there at all without the reputation of the rigid Prussian as a man of iron who could not be broken either by battle or revolt. When he is broken the spell is broken; the ice has simply gone.

This is, of course, the most interesting and important moral of the affair of Bulgaria. Nothing more splendid and inspiring has lit up the long twilight of the war than the heroic return of the Serbians. No words of ours could be adequate tribute either to their tragedy or their triumph; nor could human speech find any salute

so fitting as that which really passes from a Serbian captain to his own soldiers: "Gone is your help, heroes." But even in the case of the Bulgarians it would be far more possible to feel some sympathy with any hatred they might feel for the Serbians than for any loyalty they could feel for the Germans. But, as a fact, there never has been any loyalty that they could feel for the Germans. Even if the Bulgars themselves thought that they had right on their side, they never thought anything about the Prussians except that they had might on their side. The Bulgars were bound to the German alliance simply and solely because they believed it was a strong alliance; and in this they are representative of the whole of that alliance. Defeat will dissolve this combination; but nothing but defeat will dissolve it. To-day it is easier to conquer Prussia; but it is as difficult as ever to negotiate with her. The prestige of Prussian militarism will either depart or remain; and that alternative is still in reality as it was before. If we win they lose; but, if we only oblige them to bargain, they will always say that they obliged us to bargain.

The whole truth turns on the fact that Prussia has been heartless in the real and vital sense of having had no heart. There was never any shrine, any spiritual centre for which any people had a positive affection; nor did such men die for their hearths and altars. These more human things were in South Germany, but not in Prussia; but it was the human things that were ruled, and the inhuman or even the sub-human things that ruled them. There came a cold wind of fear out of the North and froze a thousand things lying further south than South Germany. We do not know what Europe will be like when that cold constriction is removed. We only know we have lived to see the end of an ice age



A GUEST ENGLAND WILL DELIGHT TO HONOUR: MARSHAL JOFFRE.

It was arranged that Marshal Joffre should arrive in London on October 11, but an attack of influenza caused his visit to be postponed.—[Photograph by Manuel.]

KING ALBERT'S ADVANCE IN FLANDERS: BELGIAN TROOPS IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS—BELGIAN OFFICIAL AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



BELGIAN GUNNERS: A POSITION ON GROUND FROM WHICH THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN.



PREPARING THE WAY FOR AN ADVANCE THROUGH WATER-LOGGED COUNTRY: PIONEERS AT WORK.



A BELGIAN INFANTRY ACTION NEAR MERCKEM: PRELIMINARY GUN-FIRE—A SHELL BURSTING.



SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND A FORMER BRITISH CAMP: BELGIAN TROOPS HOLDING AN ADVANCE POST.



PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A NEW BRIDGE: BELGIAN ENGINEERS AT WORK.



CONTAINING A "BOUQUET" OF SEVEN GRENADES: A GRENADE-THROWER, CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED, READY FOR FIRING.

Brilliant success attended the recent Allied advance in Flanders. A Belgian communiqué of October 4 stated: "The attack begun on September 28 by the Belgian Army and the 2nd British Army, with the co-operation of French forces, under the supreme command of his Majesty the King of the Belgians, gave us in forty-eight hours the whole of the Flanders Ridge. It has since been followed by a series of local actions. We have gained ground to a depth of 14 kilometres (nearly 9 miles) on a front of 40 kilometres

(25 miles), and we have entirely liberated Ypres and Dixmude, in addition to occupying the course of the Lys from Armentières to Wervicq. The captures and booty so far counted consist of 10,500 prisoners, 150 guns, 200 trench-mortars, and 600 machine-guns. The British Navy and the land and naval Air Services of Great Britain have powerfully contributed to the success of these operations." The Germans were reported recently to have been constructing defensive lines of retirement in Belgium.

"AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER . . . 123,618 PRISONERS AND 1400

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH OFFICIAL, CANADIAN

GUNS": THE BRITISH ARMY'S MAGNIFICENT ACHIEVEMENT.

WAR RECORDS, AND NEW ZEALAND OFFICIAL.



WAR ECONOMY AT THE FRONT: JOHN BULL CALLS ATTENTION TO THE VALUE OF SALVAGE



THE BRITISH ADVANCE TOWARDS CAMBRAI: OUR TROOPS LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES AND GOING FORWARD.



WHERE THE GERMANS HAD MINED THE ROAD: A LIGHT RAILWAY USED IN THE CAMBRAI ADVANCE.



WHERE A VILLAGE OF OMINOUS NAME WAS REDUCED TO "NOTHINGNESS": A CANADIAN SIGN-BOARD.



AN IMPROVED "STRETCHER": GERMAN PRISONERS BRINGING IN WOUNDED DURING THE CAMBRAI ADVANCE.



"THE ADMIRABLE WORK OF THE ENGINEERS": A DESTROYED BRIDGE ON THE SOMME FRONT QUICKLY REPAIRED.



FOE AND FRIEND ARM-IN-ARM: WALKING WOUNDED (AND A BATTERY) ON THE CANADIAN FRONT.



THE CROSSING OF THE CANAL DU NORD: BRITISH ARTILLERY PASSING A DESTROYED BRIDGE.



A GERMAN PRISONER MADE USEFUL JUST AFTER HIS CAPTURE: PUMPING UP A MOTOR TYRE.



RIDDLED BY BRITISH SHRAPNEL: THE REMAINS A GERMAN



OF A FACTORY BOILER THAT HAD HIDDEN MACHINE-GUN.



RELIGIOUS CONSOLATION FOR A STRICKEN FOE: A BRITISH PADRE MINISTERING TO A BADLY WOUNDED GERMAN.

Mr. Bonar Law said recently that as a nation we have never spoken quite enough of what is being done by our own country in the war. He paid a high tribute both to the Navy and the Army and their leaders, quoting Marshal Foch as saying that "his admiration for the courage and the endurance of the British soldier was not greater than his appreciation of the skill with which the British soldiers had been led." In these photographs is seen something of the magnificent work which our men have been doing on the Western Front during these last victorious months. On October 1, it may be recalled, Sir Douglas Haig mentioned in despatches that "during the month of September the British forces have captured 66,300 prisoners,

including 1500 officers; also 700 guns of all calibres, and some thousands of machine-guns. During the months of August and September, the total captures by the British amount to 123,618 prisoners, including 2783 officers, and about 1400 guns." Truly a splendid record! In an earlier communiqué on the Cambrai battle, Sir Douglas Haig said: "These operations have been materially helped by the admirable work of the Engineers. In less than 4 hours from the opening of the assault, and in spite of hostile shell-fire, they successfully threw across the Canal du Nord a number of bridges capable of carrying transport, thus permitting our advance to be continued without check."

WHERE ALLIED BLOWS FELL: OBJECTIVES IN FRANCE AND ALBANIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOTY AND GENERAL, FRENCH OFFICIAL, AND U.S. SIGNAL CORPS.



THE SCENE OF AN ANGLO-ITALIAN ATTACK BY SEA AND AIR:
DURAZZO, CAPITAL OF ALBANIA.



BOMBARDED BY ITALIAN AND BRITISH WAR-SHIPS AND AIRCRAFT:
THE HARBOUR AT DURAZZO.



PRACTICALLY ALL CAPTURED BETWEEN THE SCHELDT AND ST. QUENTIN: THE HINDENBURG LINE—BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS
AT PRONVILLE, NEAR QUEANT.



PLACED ON ROADS BY THE GERMANS TO DELAY TANKS AND GENERAL
TRAFFIC: CONCRETE BLOCKS AT MONTFAUCON.



WITH THE AMERICANS IN LORRAINE: THE KAISER'S INITIAL
OVER A CAPTURED GERMAN DUG-OUT AT MONTSEC.

At noon on October 2, as announced by Signor Orlando in the Italian Chamber, Italian war-ships and British cruisers appeared before Durazzo, and, under the protection of Italian and Allied torpedo-boats and American submarine-chasers, approached close to the harbour works of Durazzo, and fiercely bombarded them until the complete destruction of the base and the Austrian ships moored there was effected. "Our ships," the Italian Premier

continued, "despite the enemy's fire, boldly dashed to the attack and fired torpedoes against an Austrian torpedo-boat destroyer and steamer, while another vessel, which was recognised as a hospital ship, was left entirely alone. At the same time, British and Italian airmen co-operated in the work of destruction effected by the ships." The Italian Admiralty stated that during the action American submarine-chasers destroyed two U-boats.

OUR GREAT FINANCIAL OFFENSIVE: TRAFALGAR SQUARE IN WAR PAINT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND C.N.



1. SPEAKING FROM THE PLATFORM OF A 9·2-INCH HOWITZER: THE BISHOP OF KENSINGTON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

2. THE STAMPING-MACHINE INSIDE THE GUN-BREECH: A YOUNG INVESTOR.

Trafalgar Square presented the appearance of a war-shattered French village when the great "Feed-the-Guns" War Bond campaign opened there on October 7. An immense crowd gathered, and the day's investments amounted to over £2,500,000. The Bonds sold were stamped by machines placed in the breeches of big guns, amid surroundings typical of the war-area, including trenches with sand-bag parapets, periscopes, camouflage effects,

3. TRAFALGAR SQUARE AS A WRECKED VILLAGE: A GENERAL VIEW.

and a wireless station, capable of receiving messages from a distance of 2000 miles, through which the latest news from the Front was made known. The proceedings opened with a religious service beginning with the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," and ending with "Onward, Christian Soldiers," sung by choirs from London churches, accompanied by the Royal Artillery Band. The Bishop of Kensington delivered a stirring address,

THE FALL OF DAMASCUS.

By E. E. L.

WHEN the great Omar, "The Sword of Islam," was directing, from the Holy City of Medina, his plan of campaign for the conquest of Syria, and the fierce Battle of the Yermuk (near the present Tiberias) had been fought, in which the Roman power was worsted, he gave the following striking orders to his Emirs: "The enemy must be struck in his vitals. Commence by taking Damascus, which is the key of Syria. Hold Hama, Homs, and the Filistin in awe with cavalry while you press Damascus." General Allenby realised, as the other great soldier, Omar, had done nearly thirteen centuries before him, that Damascus was the key to Syria; and after his discomfiture of the Turks on the Plains of Armageddon, he lost no time in pressing on to the stronghold of Damascus, and in seizing it, thence to pursue his way northwards again, even as Omar had directed, to Homs, and beyond—to Aleppo.

If, then, we ask ourselves what is likely to be the result of the fall of Damascus, since it is the key of Syria, it is apparent that its fall delivers Syria, or Lower Syria, at any rate, into the hands of the Allies, and provides an excellent base for the furtherance of operations against Aleppo and the Baghdad Railway. This is the strategic

aspect. But in another sense, one moral and political, the fall of Damascus means far more than this. It is one of the holy cities of Islam—it was almost the last one remaining to the Turks—sacred to almost all the sects and divisions of the Moslem faith, and venerated not only on account of its religious associations, but also on account of its great historical traditions and its wonderful antiquity; so that its capture by the Allies means that another deadly blow has been dealt out to the Turk, one which he is scarcely likely to survive, particularly if soon, as an indirect consequence of the fall of Damascus, that other remaining holy city—of Medina, passes from Turkish dominion into the hands of the Arab forces of the King of Hedjaz, who had invested it.

Capital of the Arabs of Syria, and dear to the heart of every Arab who has beheld its charms, city of the great Ommayyad and a hundred other mosques, Tomb of Salah-ed-Din, that great knight of the Saracens, and of many another renowned in Islam, that this city should pass from the dominion of the Turks will surely prove to be the last straw for the breaking of the Ottoman camel's back! Throughout every bazaar in the East and Far East the news will penetrate—from Teheran to

Bokhara, Samarcand, and Kashgar, into Tartary, and on to Pekin, even to Canton, with its shrine to Wakass, the apostle of the Prophet to the Southern Chinese capital. And by this token everywhere men will know the power of the Turk has passed—that his rule over the faithful is but a memory, and not a memory of which he need be proud. What will the Allies do with Damascus? They may do great things. For the present they must hold it in trust—for the Arabs, to whom it belongs. Shâm—Damascus—is their centre, their rallying point, and if the principle of self-determination is to be applied to small Asiatic as well as to small European peoples, then Damascus might well become a head-centre for the Arabs not only of Syria, but of Arabia—from which light and learning might extend throughout the whole land.

At present it stands as a symbol of Ottoman defeat, and let us remember also, of the thwarting of the vainglorious plans of the Hun. It may come to stand as a symbol of Moslem-Arab renaissance under a newly achieved freedom, wrung from a cruel oppressor by Christian arms, aided by Moslem-Arab prowess, and remain a monument for future generations of a just war, fought for the highest principles the human mind can conceive.

TWO OF THE NEW SOLDIER POETS.

FEW of the latest soldier poets look upon the war as a great spiritual adventure, as Julian Grenfell did, and Alan Seeger, and many another of the Sidneian fellowship which is now a heart of dust in the dust. For the most part they seem to be trying to write what Charles Sorley would have written if he—that uncompromising truth-seeker—had lived to bring his gift of sad earnestness and vivid exactness to fulfilment. In Mr. J. L. Crommelin Brown, however, we have a new soldier poet who sees no colour of romance in a struggle *à outrance*—

When the man who never knows it kills a man he never sees,
And the women mourn in silence for their dead—

and looks for none of the rewards promised in the painted parables of the legend of chivalry, yet knows well that the dreary, weary fight must be fought out to a finish, and has his vision of a better world in the making for the children he watches playing at soldiers. Love of the land, which made yet may not take him at the last, is a dominant note in the poems included in his "Dies Heroica" (Hodder and Stoughton). He remembers his native Cumberland on the eve of action, and all the friendly creatures he knew there in days that are a part of his being—

There's sheep in plenty yonder, you can hear them on the moorland,

With the whaup and plover calling where the shadows come and go;

The wind that blows in Cumberland is fresher than all others,

And the dawns across the dales rise up most wonderful and slow.

He thinks of his old school, the meads and the old familiar trees, and closes his tribute to the pleasure of his youth and its high traditions with the heart-felt words—

Thank God for England, Winchester, and these.

So he goes out with his guns, fearing nothing, hoping for little, and asking no reward from what may be save what has been.

In "The Anzac Pilgrim's Progress" (Simpkin, Marshall), by Lance-Corporal Cobber, we have the sheer zest in fighting and jocund *camaraderie* of the Australian soldier, whose grim humour matches his old, cold courage. The Lance-Corporal's story of the Suez scrap is the best ballad of its kind which has been written since the war began. The joy of battle begins as soon as the camel scouts come loping back to say "a holy push of Moslem coots" were out at last to jump the Canal—

By E. B. OSBORN.

An' our sergeants struggled to hold us back, an' could scarcely keep us in check

From a-swimmin' out and a-runnin' in an' fallin' upon his neck,

such was the fierce delight at the Turk's long-desired arrival. Kipling's "Bobs" is rivalled in "Bird," a rugged panegyric worthy of the soul of Anzac—

Give us Birdy first and last—

He is It,

Every bit;

He's a man, a gent, a soldier—he is It!

He suffers Pacifists neither gladly nor sadly: "There are always deadheads at every show, an' will be for evermore." He lost a leg, and is sorry to think others have to do his job as well as their own at the front—

But I thank the Lord, though my body's broke an'

I'm hobbled so hard and fast,

I've still got a hefty, two-legged soul, and it's out with the boys to the last!

The first of these poets is a cultured artist; the second a blood-brother of the makers of the old Border ballads. Yet they are one in the spirit—their souls are flames on the altars of a common faith.

HEDJAZ AND THE TURK.

OUR Allies in this war are many, but of them all none are more interesting than the troops of the King of Hedjaz, photographs of whom in their picturesque costume are shown on another page of this journal.

For more than two years now the Hedjaz forces have been fighting on the side of the Allies, for freedom from Turkish misrule in Arabia; and during that time they have accomplished some remarkably good work. To commence with, the Turkish garrisons of Mecca, Jeddah, and Ta'if, the Alpine city, were overpowered, and these important places secured against the Turks; whilst the Turkish garrison at Medina, the terminus of the Hedjaz Railway, and the garrison of which had been considerably strengthened by the Turks, was besieged. The siege is being continued now, and there is little hope—for the Turks—that it will be raised, having regard to recent events in Palestine. Then the doughty fighting sons of the King of Hedjaz started to raid the Hedjaz Railway, constantly swooping down upon it and cutting it at various points, thus rendering invaluable aid to the British Forces operating in Palestine by hindering Turkish concentrations and hampering supplies. General Allenby's advance to Jerusalem was aided considerably by the successful operations of the Hedjaz troops in the desert south-west of that

place; and from then until now constant pressure has been exercised by the sturdy Arab soldiers of Hedjaz on the Turks operating east of the Jordan. Their most daring and successful exploit was just recently, when they cut the line of the important railway junction of Dera'a, a piece of work which greatly facilitated the capture of Damascus. The Hedjaz troops have improved wonderfully since their first appearance in the field in the middle of 1916. They have captured machine-guns and artillery from the Turks, and a good deal of ammunition and supplies of all kinds; and under the instructions of British officers and non-commissioned officers they have come on apace, as the Turks know to their cost. Material, in the shape of motor transport, aeroplanes, etc., has been lent to them by the Allies, it being well-nigh impossible for them to secure these necessary adjuncts of modern warfare otherwise; and thus equipped, they have been able to do more useful work against the common enemy the Turk. And the Turk is the enemy of the Arabs of Hedjaz, for he has oppressed them bitterly when he has had the chance; and for no just cause he has murdered in cold blood scores of Arabs, the flower of the race. When, in October 1914, Turkey declared war against her friend and protector Great Britain, and played into the hands of Germany, it was not long before

various acts of vandalism and sacrilege were perpetrated in Hedjaz by Turkish troops under direction from Constantinople—Enver Bey and his satellites. They desecrated the tomb of El Sayed el Shereef Abdel Kader el Jezairi el Hasani, and shelled Mecca, with one shot striking a spot but a yard and a half distant from the famous Kaaba, the most highly venerated object in the realms of Islam; and with another hitting the Tomb of Abraham; whilst several people at prayer in the mosque were killed by the bombardment. Enraged by this, and deeming it high time to proclaim anew Arabian independence, which the Turk was endeavouring to suppress, the Sherif of Mecca issued a proclamation denouncing the Young Turks and their impious practices, and calling upon all good followers of the Prophet of Hedjaz to fight under his banner, as King of Hedjaz, against the Young Turks.

The appeal was successful, and under the Hedjaz flag, of red, white, green, and black—representing the three great dynasties of Islam (Abbassid, Ommayyad, and Fatimite) and the House of Mohammed (the red)—the men of Hedjaz fought gallantly, and are fighting still. To them we owe much gratitude, and the least we can do for them in return is to see that for them a return to Turkish oppressio is rendered impossible.

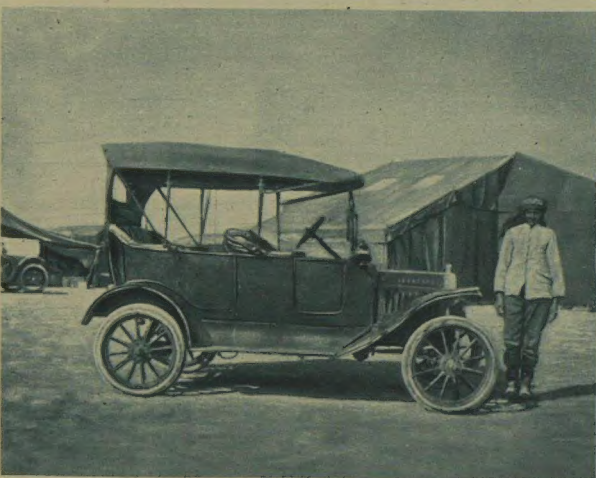
THE ARABIAN CAMPAIGN: TROOPS OF THE KING OF HEDJAZ.



BEARING ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE WORK OF THE GUNNERS:
A TURKISH FORT DEMOLISHED.



AFTER BOMBARDMENT BY THE HEDJAZ ARTILLERY: A TURKISH
FORT OCCUPIED BY ARAB TROOPS.



WITH ITS ARAB CHAUFFEUR: THE MOTOR-CAR OF MOHAMMED ALL,
A NEAR RELATIVE OF KING HUSSEIN.



AN R.F.C. CROSSLEY CAR OPERATING IN ARABIA: HEDJAZ SOLDIERS
AS INTERESTED SPECTATORS.



OF A FORCE THAT HAS DONE SPLENDID WORK FOR THE ALLIED
CAUSE: TYPES OF HEDJAZ TROOPS.



USING A WEAPON CAPTURED FROM THE TURKS: HEDJAZ SOLDIERS
AT MACHINE-GUN PRACTICE.

The Arab forces of King Hussein of Hedjaz have rendered invaluable service to the cause of the Allies, not only in Arabia itself, but also in Palestine, east of the Jordan, along the line of the Hedjaz Railway. General Allenby mentioned that "a portion of the Arab Army of King Hussein" took part in the occupation of Damascus. It should be mentioned in this connection that the recent recognition by the Allied Governments of the belligerent status of the auxiliary Arab forces in Palestine and Syria did not refer to

the regular army of the King of Hedjaz, but to the Bedouin and other Arabs of the desert who have lately been co-operating both with the Hedjaz troops and with the British in Palestine. The independence of the kingdom of Hedjaz was officially recognised by the British, French, and Italian Governments at the end of 1916. An article on the revolt of Hedjaz from Turkish oppression, and the exploits of the Hedjaz troops in the war, appears on another page in this number.

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

INDEPENDENT AIR WORK IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

By C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane."

SO rapidly are things moving in all war areas in these days that one is tempted to wonder what will be the part played by the Allied Air Forces if or when the German armies are pushed back or are forced by Eastern developments to withdraw to the line of the Rhine. Places which have hitherto been visited by only two or three aeroplanes of the Allies will now come within comparatively easy reach of modern bombing machines. Should Germany be reduced to defending her own frontiers with her own armies, then would come the time when we should have the real chance of proving the value of aircraft as an independent weapon of war.

It is commonly agreed among soldiers of all nations that, if the whole of Germany's armies were concentrated along the comparatively short line of the Rhine from the Swiss frontier to Holland, the defence would be so strong that it would be a long and very costly task to break through into Germany itself. The problem would then arise as to whether air war alone could bring the German people to terms.

There are those who believe that air war alone can bring peace, unaided by other arms. They are undoubtedly too enthusiastic in their aerial beliefs, and it will probably be found that they are recent converts to faith in Aerial Power—your convert is ever prone to become a fanatic. It still remains a basic fact that, despite all the mechanical accessories of war—from the moving towers used against Babylon to the tanks and aeroplanes of to-day—an army of infantry standing on its own flat feet in enemy territory is the only definite form of conquest. Nevertheless, these mechanical accessories in general, as everyone knows, go far towards preparing a way for the infantry.

If the aeroplanes in particular do not, in fact, break down the enemy's defences in a frontal attack, they can be—and are—used independently against the rear of the enemy's forces, so as to weaken his fighting line and thus make the task of the armies on the ground easier of accomplishment. Or they may be used behind the actual theatre of war to weaken the moral of the enemy people, and to decrease the supply of food and munitions to the armies in the field. We have seen aeroplanes used in both ways to great effect during the past few months. In the actual zone of the enemy armies the Allied flying services have consistently bombed bridges, railways, and junctions; they have blown up munition dumps; they have destroyed aerodromes; and they have flattened out the billets of troops in reserve and in rest. In German territory the British Independent Force, R.A.F., has been steadily bombing fortresses, towns, mines, and factories. Various communiqués relating to the pinching-out of the St. Mihiel salient bore witness to the assistance given by the Independent Force, which is now publicly known to be under the command of Sir Hugh Trenchard.

The difference between the work of the Independent Force and the rest of the R.A.F. appears to be that it operates entirely against German territory and not against French territory temporarily occupied by the enemy. Alsace-Lorraine may, for the purpose of this argument, be classed as German territory, seeing that it has belonged to Germany for close on fifty years, though it is

hoped that it may again become part of France. Now the work of the Independent Force in relation to the operations against the St. Mihiel salient may be taken as an illustration on a small scale of the work of the great combined Allied offensive air force against Germany when the Allied armies are confronted with the last barrier to their occupation of genuine German territory.



AT A ROYAL AIR FORCE SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS: A PAINTER OF MAPS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OBSERVERS AT WORK ON A REPRESENTATION OF OSTEND DOCKS.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

One may take it that the regular flying services pertaining to the Allied armies—that is to say, the army and corps squadrons of the R.A.F., the regular reconnaissance and chaser squadrons of the French *Service d'Aviation Militaire*, and the various

Allied armies. The Rhine would afford a most formidable barrier, and the Allies would have all their work cut out to get across it. The defence would be of the fiercest character, for the German troops, with distinct memories of their own behaviour in conquered territory, would naturally judge others by themselves, and would expect retaliation if ever the Allies entered Germany. One surmises from the garbled reports which reach this country of speeches and exhortatory articles published in Germany that the German people are being stirred up by their leaders to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm for such a last stand as that indicated. The soldiers of Prussia's subject States—Saxony, Bavaria, Württemberg, and the rest—though they have fought bravely in France and elsewhere, have not been moved by the greed for conquest, and, even in defeat, have not as yet been stirred by the need to resist an invasion of their Fatherland. They have "retired according to plan," but they have not yet had their backs against the wall of their own frontiers, when any further retirement would mean abandoning their own homes to an invading army. To use the athlete's phrase, they have never been "fully extended."

It is when such a situation arises that the Independent Air Force, and the detachments of the other Allied flying services associated with it, will have their great opportunity. Just as by bombing Metz and the railways leading therefrom to St. Mihiel, and the factories and supply depôts in Alsace-Lorraine, the Independent Air Force was able to weaken the German resistance to the American advance, so on a far greater scale will the Allied flying services weaken the enemy's armies along their own frontiers. It must be remembered that our own aeroplanes and engines are improving in quality and quantity almost daily, and that American aircraft are beginning to arrive. The Americans made many mistakes in their aircraft programme at the start, but the wonderful performance of the United States in producing an army of millions in a year is certainly going to be repeated in the U.S. Air Service, now that the initial mistakes have been set right.

The recent work of the Independent Air Force may be regarded as a series of trial trips for the benefit of the International Air Force which will operate on Germany at the proper moment. The whole business of long-range bombing, and the strategy and tactics of this form of war, were new when General Trenchard took over the work. The British Independent Force has experimented for the benefit of the Allies, and is now laying down the rules of the game, so to speak. The Germans and various citizens of neutral countries—who know how much effect the raids of the Independent Force have had on the Rhineland towns, and on the output of munitions and the moral condition of the people in the raided areas—may be able to form some idea of what is to come if they compare the tentative spitting of an experimental



WITH TWO BALLOONS FOR CARRYING CABLES: AN ITALIAN OBSERVATION-BALLOON.

Photograph supplied by Alferi.

squadrons of the American Army Air Service—will be fully occupied with the affairs of their respective armies. There will be plenty for them to do in spotting for the artillery, in regular reconnaissance and photography, and in air fighting.

Even if—as is very possible—we arrive at the happy, if somewhat difficult, situation of the German Army making its last great stand on the German bank of the Rhine, there will be more than sufficient work for the flying services of the

machine-gun with the steady and deadly stream from the perfected mechanism. When the real Allied aerial offensive against Germany itself gets properly to work over the heads of Germany's armies standing with their backs to the wall and yet powerless to repel these aerial invaders of their homeland, we shall see the full value of independent air war. And then it is probable that Sir Hugh Trenchard will be generally recognised, to quote the words of a highly placed officer of the Royal Air Force, as "the Foch of the Air."

DRIVING THE TURKS OUT OF PALESTINE: BRITISH AND INDIAN HEROISM.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOSKORR FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE REPULSE OF A TURKISH CAVALRY CHARGE AND THE DEATH OF ITS GERMAN LEADER: A FINE EXPLOIT BY BRITISH INFANTRY NEAR ES SALT.



"INDIAN CAVALRY AND INFANTRY HAVE TAKEN A LEADING AND BRILLIANT PART IN THE FIGHTING":
INDIAN TROOPS RUSHING A TURKISH POST.

In a message to the Viceroy of India, it may be recalled, General Allenby said: "Indian cavalry and infantry have taken a leading and brilliant part in the fighting, and have earned a great share in the honours of victory." The upper drawing shows an attempt by Turkish cavalry, led by a German officer, to rush a British position. They were taken in flank by rifle and machine gun fire from a company of infantry posted on the spur of a hill. The charge was repulsed and the German leader (seen in the left centre

of the illustration) was killed, whereupon the enemy retreated in disorder, losing many men. In the lower drawing a detachment of Indian infantry is seen rushing a Turkish post. They killed many Turks with the bayonet and captured a machine-gun and several score of prisoners, retiring under cover of a heavy barrage from their own guns which prevented the enemy from sending reinforcements. The shells of the barrage are shown bursting in the background, and in the foreground is the machine-gun with its defenders.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



JOTTING AT BURGERS TRESPASSING ON THEIR GROUND: STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (16th CENTURY).



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A CATHEDRAL STUDENT IN SCHOOL (13th CENTURY).

THE AEROPLANE IN COMMERCE.

NOW that the war has taken a happier turn, and its end is, if not near, yet in sight, it seems fitting to consider the commercial possibilities of its greatest discovery, which is the uses to which aircraft can be put. Employed at first for observation only, the Germans soon began to use their monster air-ships for dropping bombs on non-combatants, only to find the tables turned against them by the Allies' use of aeroplanes for the destruction of their railway stations, chemical and iron works. Then followed the arming of the heavier-than-air machine so effectively that it can not only fight other machines in the air itself, but has proved a terrible weapon against infantry in close formation on the ground. Meanwhile, the efficiency of the aeroplane as a carrier steadily increased by the time-honoured and peculiarly English method of trial and error. The attempt to relieve the necessities of our beleaguered garrison at Kut-el-Amara only resulted in bestowing some hundredweights of flour on the investing Turks; but latterly the enterprise of our airmen has succeeded in supplying small-arm ammunition to the fighting line, and there is every reason to suppose that the last word in this respect has not been said. It is even possible that the commander of a swiftly advancing army may make use of a fleet of weight-carrying aircraft to supplement, if not to supplant, the enormous train of horse and steam lorries, and the expensive light railways, that he now requires for the supply of food and munitions to his troops.

What the genius of our soldiers has improvised in war, however, the enterprise and talent for organisation of our commercial men ought to be able to improve and develop economically in peace; and hence aircraft as carriers is a much more serious "proposition," in the American sense of the word, than seemed possible before the war. Corn there has always been in Egypt; and the rainless, but easily irrigated, fields of the Delta have lately proved themselves capable of raising crops of cotton which in time will make them powerful competitors with the Transatlantic sources of supply. Both wheat and cotton are extremely bulky goods to handle, demanding railways, steamships, loading and unloading machinery at ports, and all the cumbrous paraphernalia of the land and sea journey at least a fortnight long from Port Said to, say, Liverpool. Yet, as will presently be demonstrated, it is

possible for a specially equipped aeroplane to fly not from Port Said, but from Cairo (some 150 miles further south) to London in one day. This will be a non-stop journey, necessitating the carrying of a great amount of



WITH THE SIAMESE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BUGLERS OF THE SIAMESE FORCE.—[French Official Photograph.]

petrol. With fuel stations at convenient points en route, far more stowage-room would be left for goods or mails, and the journey might still be accomplished in two days as against

the two weeks by sea. We must not, however, count our chickens before they are hatched; and we have not, of course, reached this point yet. The likelihood of our doing so has only been attained by the discovery, luckily not advertised by an omniscient Press, of the means of stabilising the aeroplane so effectively that one bearing a dead pilot fluttered to earth the other day from a height of 5000 feet with no more injury than a leaf borne by the wind. Yet there are two discoveries which, so far as can be foreseen, will have to be made before the full commercial use of the heavier-than-air machine—the airship is another matter—can be realised. One of these is a means of rising from or alighting on the ground without the preliminary run, in the one case, or the subsequent one in the other, which makes the provision of an extensive aerodrome necessary before the machine can safely leave or return to the earth. The other, which may seem to the lay mind to be of far less importance, but which the medical man knows to be at least as indispensable as the other, is some method of silencing the noise of the engine and propellers and the hum of the wires, lest the roar of hundreds of machines continually crossing to and fro over our heads should make the country as noisy as the town, and thus bar the last refuge for overstrained nerves. Nor must the cost be lost sight of. One of the large "bombers" now used in war costs not less than £16,000 to construct, of which half is the expense of its engines. This figure will, of course, be susceptible of great reduction when free competition between makers and labour at peace prices comes to replace the costly methods of Government construction. The example of the Ford car should show our manufacturers at once what is possible in this respect, and the fortune which awaits the first few firms who solve the problem.

The effect of such a revolution in transport as is here foreshadowed must be left for another article, but anyone who examines the great cheapening of prices and increase of supplies which followed the general introduction of railways can form some idea of its extent. Perhaps this alone will go far to answer the question which is now looming darkly before the thoughtful, which is—How is the wastage of the war to be made good?—F. L.



WITH THE SIAMESE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: ENTRAINING FOR THE BATTLE-ZONE. French Official Photograph.

THE HOLY LAND DELIVERED FROM THE TURKS: HISTORIC PLACES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARTRIDGE, TOPICAL, AND JAMES.



AT HAIFA (THE ANCIENT SCAMINUM) BELOW MT. CARMEL: THE MONASTERY.



THE BEST NATURAL HARBOUR OF PALESTINE: HAIFA—LANDING FISH.



TAKEN IN THE CRUSADES; AND HELD AGAINST NAPOLEON: ACRE—THE SEA-WALLS.



THE HOME OF JESUS CHRIST: NAZARETH—ENTERED BY THE WEST COUNTRY YEOMANRY ON SEPTEMBER 22 DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE.



ROBBED BY HAIFA OF ITS OLD COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE: ACRE—A TYPICAL STREET.



CHRISTIANITY IN MODERN NAZARETH: THE TOWN AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.



A WALLED CITY OF MANY SIEGES: ACRE—THE ONLY ENTRANCE.

Names of hallowed memory and historic renown have given unique interest to the story of General Allenby's advance in Palestine. Thus on September 22 the War Office announced: "On the north, our cavalry, traversing the Field of Armageddon, had occupied Nazareth, Afuleh, and Beisan, and were collecting the disorganised masses of enemy troops and transport as they arrived from the south." From Nazareth an armoured motor battery and light car patrol pushed westward and made a dash into Haifa. On

the 24th it was officially stated that "our cavalry have occupied Haifa and Acre after slight opposition." Haifa, which lies beneath Mt. Carmel, at the southern end of the bay of Acre, has in modern times eclipsed the old importance of Acre as a trading port. Acre was captured, in turn, by the Crusaders (1104), Saladin (1187), Richard Cœur de Lion (1191), the Egyptians (1291), the Turks (1517). Napoleon besieged it unsuccessfully in 1799. It fell to Ibrahim Pasha, 1832, and to English, Austrians, and Turks in 1840.

"THE FEATHER OF THE PEACOCK OF PARADISE": CAPTURED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN COLONY LTD.



ONCE THE HOME OF THE "CAPTAIN OF THE HOST" WHO WASHED IN JORDAN: THE HOUSE OF NAAMAN.



MODERNITY IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST ANCIENT CITIES: TELEGRAPHS IN DAMASCUS.



THE OLD AND THE NEW SIDE BY SIDE IN DAMASCUS: TRAM LINES OUTSIDE A MOSQUE—A STREET SCENE.



A RIVAL TO THE PACK-ANIMAL AND THE CARAVAN: A TRAM-CAR IN MODERN DAMASCUS.



OLD-FASHIONED METHODS OF STREET IN



A PLACE OF UNITED ASSOCIATIONS: THE HAZERAN'S TREE, DAMASCUS.



"A PEARL SET IN EMERALDS": A DISTANT VIEW OF

DAMASCUS, A CITY OF BEAUTY AND IMMEMORIAL ANTIQUITY.

JERUSALEM, AND BY JAMES PARTNIGHT, AND McLEOD.



TRANSIT STILL IN USE: A DAMASCUS.



"DAMASCUS WAS TRY MERCHANT": A TYPICAL SHOP IN THE CITY.



ONE OF THE HOLY PLACES OF DAMASCUS: THE MOSQUE OF THE MECCA PILGRIMS.



"THE ST. PETER'S OF ISLAM": THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT MOSQUE OF THE OMNIADES AT DAMASCUS.



WHERE THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE KORAN WAS TREASURED: THE GREAT MOSQUE—THE ENTRANCE.



DAMASCUS SURROUNDED BY ITS FAMOUS FRUIT GARDENS.



WHERE SALADIN IS BURIED: THE GREAT MOSQUE OF THE OMNIADES—A COURTYARD.

The War Office announced on October 2: "Troops of the Australian Mounted Division entered Damascus during the night of September 30. At 6 a.m. on October 1 the city was occupied by a British force and by a portion of the Arab Army of King Hussein. Over 7000 prisoners were taken. After the surrender, with the exception of necessary guards, all the Allied troops were withdrawn from the city, and for the time being the local authorities remain responsible for its administration." Damascus, which is mentioned in the Book of Genesis, is probably the oldest inhabited city in the world. Josephus says that it was founded by Ux, a granddaughter of Noah. Through centuries of change and conquest, Damascus has remained a great city

and a centre of trade, as in the days of Eschil, who wrote: "Damascus was thy merchant." The beauty of her position, encircled amid groves of fruit trees and rose gardens, has earned for her many picturesque titles in the vivid imagery of the East, such as "a pearl set in emeralds," "the rockland of beauty," and "the feather of the peacock of Paradise." Her verdure is due to those "fens of Damascus" of which Marston said: "Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" The traditional site of Hamaan's palace has for ages been the city's lazarium. The great Mosque contains the tomb of Saladin.

THE GREAT ADVANCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE CROSSING OF THE CANAL DU NORD.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



AT A POINT WHERE THE CHANNEL WAS DRY: BRITISH TROOPS CROSSING THE CANAL DU NORD AND MOUNTING THE OPPOSITE BANK WITH SCALING LADDERS.

The Canal du Nord presented a most formidable obstacle to our troops and was the scene of heroic exploits. Where it was full of water, as at Bellenglise, the men crossed by wading and swimming. At some places Tanks plunged into the bed of the canal and formed a bridge for other Tanks to cross upon. The above drawing illustrates the crossing at a point where there was no water. Our men are seen climbing the concrete walls of the opposite bank on scaling-ladders, placed usually in breaches made in the concrete by shell-fire. On leaving the ladders, the troops made their way on to the tow-path. Just beyond it were the old German positions, with

Quarry Wood in the background. To the left of the wood, in the distance, were German batteries at work. A little further to the left was Bourlon Wood, with British shells bursting over it. The village of Bourlon lay to the left of the wood. The ground seen from the centre to the left of the drawing was defended by German machine-guns along a railway embankment. Beyond the tow-path British troops, with Lewis gunners among them, are shown advancing over the German trenches. The whole incident called for great skill on the part of our troops, and the demand was fully met.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEREOSCOPIC CO., RUSSELL AND SONS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAMBERT WESTON, LAFAYETTE, CROOKE, BASSANO, AND MAULL AND FOX.



CAPT. HUGH O'D. MACAN,
East Surrey Regt. Only son of Mrs. Edith Macan, 3, Fawcett Road, Kingston. Died of wounds.



LIEUT. PETER SYDENHAM DIXON,
R. Sussex Regt. Second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Dixon, of Wood View, Carlisle. Killed in action.



MAJOR C. D. BOOKER,
Royal Air Force, late R.N.A.S. He had been awarded the D.S.C. and Croix de Guerre, with palm and star.



2nd LIEUT. ROBIN K. WATTS,
Royal West Kent Regt. Has been reported as killed while on active service at the Front.



CAPT. T. NEWTON, M.C.,
Lancashire Fusiliers. Announced by the War Office as having died of wounds.



LIEUT. REGINALD EDWARD WOOD,
The Buffs. Son of Mr. R. G. Wood, J.P., of Roquebrune, Julian Road, Folkestone. Died of wounds.



MAJOR F. J. GARY, M.C.,
Central Ontario Regt. Announced as having died of wounds received in action at the Front.



CAPT. ATHERTON HAROLD CHISENHALE MARSH,
Lancers. Only son of Mr. and Mrs. Chisenhale - Marsh, of Gaynes Park, Thrydon Garton, Essex.



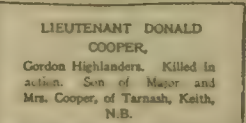
MAJOR R. E. GORDON, M.C.,
Royal Field Artillery. The well-known Scottish International Announced as having died of wounds. He was very popular in sporting and athletic circles.



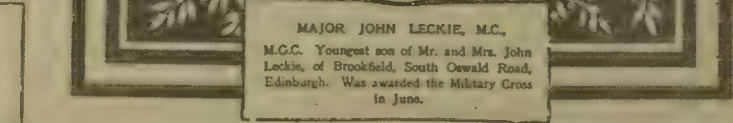
MAJOR A. G. P. HEYWOOD,
Manchester Regt. Youngest son of the late Sir Arthur Heywood, Bt., and Lady Heywood, of Dove Lays, Rochester, Staffordshire. Died of wounds.



CAPT. LENOX PATON FIGGIS, M.C.,
West Kent Regt. (The Buffs). Elder son of Mr. T. Phillips Figgis, F.R.I.B.A., and of Mrs. Figgis, Campden Hill Square, W.



LIEUTENANT DONALD COOPER,
Gordon Highlanders. Killed in action. Son of Major and Mrs. Cooper, of Tarnash, Keith, N.B.



MAJOR JOHN LECKIE, M.C.,
M.C.C. Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Leckie, of Brookfield, South Oswald Road, Edinburgh. Was awarded the Military Cross in June.



CAPT. C. W. EASTGATE SMITH,
Manchester Regt. Only son of the late Mr. William Eastgate Smith, of Bournemouth, and of Mrs. Eastgate Smith, Purchase Terrace, W.



CAPT. GEOFFREY GREN-SIDE BOWEN, M.C.,
Lancashire Fusiliers. Son of Mr. J. C. G. Bowen, of Bombay, and of Mrs. Bowen, Durnast Cottage, Basley, Hants.



CAPT. GERALD W. LANCASTER,
Somersetshire Regt. Died of wounds. Only son of the late Mr. W. H. Lancaster, of Broomhill, Woodthorpe, and of Mrs. Lancaster, of Greylands, The Park, Nottingham.



2nd LIEUT. D. G. FISHER-BROWN,
R.G.A. Second son of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher-Brown, of Barnes, Surrey. Died of wounds.



2nd LIEUT. ROBERT AMOR EDWARDS,
West Yorkshire Regt. Son of Lieut. E. H. Edwards, R.A.M.C., and the late Mrs. S. Fieance Edwards. Died of wounds.

THE GREAT BATTLE FOR CAMBRAI: GERMAN PRISONERS AND WOUNDED.

PHOTOGRAPHS—CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



1. CHEERFUL PRISONERS: GERMANS WHO HAD JUST RUN OVER AND SURRENDERED, CHATTING TO MEN OF THE CANADIAN SCOTTISH IN THE FRONT LINE.
2. AT AN ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION IN THE FIELD: GERMAN AND CANADIAN WOUNDED BEING TENDED TOGETHER AT A CAPTURED GERMAN DUG-OUT.

In the battle for Cambrai the Canadians were opposed by eight German divisions (seven Prussian and one Saxon) and by September 30 they had taken some 6000 prisoners. Writing on the 28th, Mr. Philip Gibbs said: "Wherever I went to-day, through little woods and down sunken roads and through such smashed villages as Inchy and Mœuvres, I passed German prisoners straggling back in small parties, led by a small Canadian escort or unaccompanied. Through tall thistles and among shell-craters small processions of German stretcher-bearers walked slowly with their loads, followed by walking wounded with bandaged heads and bloody faces." It is evident from the faces of the prisoners seen in the upper photograph that they were by no means sorry to give themselves up. At the dressing-stations German wounded receive equal treatment with our own men.

WHERE BEING BRITISH JUSTIFIES ARREST: THE TERROR IN PETROGRAD.



THE HEIGHT OF IRONY: A RUSSIAN GENERAL REDUCED TO SELLING NEWSPAPERS PATRONISED BY A RELEASED GERMAN N.C.O. PRISONER.



PETROGRAD'S RULERS OF TO-DAY: BOLSHEVIK LEADERS LUXURIOUSLY MOTORING TO THEIR GOVERNMENT OFFICE IN THE MORNING.



RECREATIONS OF THE RULING CLASS: BOLSHEVIKS AND THEIR WOMEN FRIENDS OFF TO "THE ISLANDS" IN A COMMANDEERED CAR.



WHERE THERE IS NO ST. DUNSTON'S HOSTEL: A BLINDED RUSSIAN SOLDIER BECOME A BAREFOOT BEGGAR, ON THE FONTANKA BRIDGE.



RED GUARDS OFF DUTY: MAKING THEMSELVES COMFORTABLE IN THE HOUSE OF A BOURGEOIS IN PETROGRAD.

Since the attack on the British Embassy in Petrograd and the death of Captain Cromie, further details have reached this country of the terrible conditions prevailing there, and the persecution to which British, French, and American residents have been subjected. On October 2 was published a message from the "Daily Chronicle" correspondent, written from a prison cell in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, describing the outrageous treatment to which he and other British officials and journalists had been

subjected. They were arrested after the assassination of Uritsky, the head of the Commission against the Counter-Revolution, and the subsequent affair at the British Embassy. An earlier despatch from the "Times" correspondent told how Uritsky had said on one occasion to an Englishman in custody that it was "quite enough to justify arrest to be of British nationality." The photograph and the sketches drawn by the Russian artist "Pem," reproduced above, accompanied a recent article in "L'Illustration."



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NEW NOVELS.

"Bridget." If there are no surprises in Mrs. B. M. Croker's novels, there are certainly no disappointments. The interest of one of her stories is a "sure thing," as the Americans say. You may speculate,

into its own. It is enough to point out that Mrs. Croker is too practised a hand at the light novel to let trouble stay long in her heroine's life, or to allow rascality to escape unscathed from the last chapter. And what better ending can the romantic reader desire than the significant sight of rice and confetti on a Mayfair doorstep?



DURING THE GERMAN RETREAT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: SMASHED AND BURNT-OUT ENEMY AMMUNITION-LORRIES BY THE ROADSIDE.

Official Photograph.

before you begin, whether the setting is to be India, or Ireland, or both; but you need have no qualms about not being provided with the class of entertainment a name known to a generation of library subscribers has led you to expect. "Bridget" (Hutchinson) is, of course, one of the Irish stories. It opens with three gallant officers seeing a pretty girl riding a thoroughbred, and it goes on to reveal the girl as their first brief encounter is not able to exhibit her—as unselfish as she is beautiful. Not that Mrs. Croker cannot provide other characters that are the foil to Bridget's golden nature. One of these is her gay and spendthrift father, on whose account the family lives in exile on the edge of a bog, while Captain de Burgh indulges his expensive tastes to the full in merry England. Bridget at a ball is a great success; Bridget at the unveiling of her stepmother's duplicity and her father's schemes is equally on the spot. It is not for us to say how fraud was unmasked, and how youth and beauty came

stream. It is, as everyone knows, a dangerous thing to meddle with other people's manuscript, and Joyce took risks when she tried to plan Maurice's novel, and very nearly wrecked her own happiness as well as his. In real life, and in the publishing world, things do not, perhaps, happen altogether as they are set out here; but, if the country of Curtis Yorke's invention is more fanciful than actual, it is at least a pleasant place in which to spend a quiet evening.

"Abington Abbey."

"Abington Abbey" (Stanley Paul) is gossip, much gossip about country neighbours, and should suit those people with tender consciences who wish to enjoy an orgy of personalities without running the risk of being scandal-

"Joyce."

"Joyce" (Hutchinson) is fresh and easy reading. English girls, with just this touch of waywardness and charm, are an open book to Curtis Yorke, who produces the little lady at a lively and self-opinionated thirteen, carries her through the early years of her girlhood with an amusing chronicle of her youthful experiences, and leaves her, where we have a right to trust she will be left, in her adoring husband's arms. This is baldly to indicate the motive of a tale that does not allow true love to run so smoothly that its pace becomes a jog-trot. No, indeed. Much water flows under bridges before Joyce achieves marriage with the man of her heart, and not a few tears are carried down the

mongers. The fortunes of Mr. Archibald Marshall's imaginary circle can be followed, discussed, and commented upon, and nobody be a penny the worse. It is all rather small beer. The family endearments of the Graftons are too much in evidence, apparently owing to the author's anxiety to stress the affection that united them. The country is Meadshire, and when we are told that the Clintons live on the other side of it, we cannot help regretting that the atmosphere of the Abington Abbey area seems to be so much less bracing than the neighbourhood of Exton Manor. Mr. Marshall writes with his usual Trollopian ease and intimacy, and pillories a country vicar with such determination that he fails to allow him a single redeeming feature. Mr. Salisbury Mercer's aggressive snobbery and jealousy become monotonous. It will be seen that "Abington Abbey" is not Mr. Marshall at his best. It is a light novel, only moderately interesting.

We much regret that, by the error of a photographer, we inserted in our "Roll of Honour" page, on Sept. 21,



NEW ZEALANDERS IN ACTION: A CANTERBURY BATTALION WORKING THEIR WAY UP.—[New Zealand Official Photograph.]

the photograph of Lieut. A. C. Loveday, Australian Infantry, as having died of wounds. We are glad to say that he is alive and well, and is now a Captain in a Queensland battalion. Another officer of the same name has died of wounds, hence the error.

THEY HAVE THEIR ENTRÉE

Le Débarquement à l'Île de Cythère

HAD "Tonides" Cigarettes been obtainable in the days of Watteau they would no doubt have had a place in the cargo of the enchanted vessel that transported the pilgrims of the Fêtes Galantes to the Island of Cythère. In the Watteau world of exquisite imaginings "Tonides" Cigarettes would have had the Entrée, as they have to the most exclusive circles to-day.

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Come to Harrods and you can easily see and try any Gramophone you wish, and hear any record you desire played.



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Style EE, in Oak or Mahogany cabinet. Measurements 20 by 17 by 16 in., fitted with double spring motor, 12 in. turntable, nickel tone arm, improved sound box, symphonic sound chamber, the "Graduola" device. B. 905. 28 Gns.

"SOLDIER BOY"

(His Master's Voice)

With Orchestral accompaniment. 10-inch double-sided record. 3/6

B. 905.

Louise Leigh and Walter Jefferies.

The Military Stamp. (with chorus)

Courtland and Jefferies.

I've got the sweetest girl in Maryland ("Tab")

Donaldson

12-inch double-sided records. 5/6

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Louise Leigh.

The Lonely Princess. Barrett.

Louise Leigh and Eric Courtland.

The Kim Wallis. Rosenberg.

C. 805.

Eric Courtland and Joseph Reed.

Mother.

De Grant and the Fidelity Orchestra.

En relisant vos lettres. (Valse lente).

Manson-Kick.

THE MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA.

C. 805—Sections I and II



THE FAMOUS DECCA

Style 1.—Black grained leather cloth with two nickel locks (11 1/2 in. sq. by 10 1/2 in. high). Plays 10 in. and 12 in. records. Duetto Soundbox. £7 15 0

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THE REGAL TABLE GRAMOPHONE

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With Orchestral accompaniment. 10-inch double-sided records. 3/6

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Davy Burnaby.

Care-Ah! Philip Brakam.

Davy Burnaby and Louise Leigh.

Any little thing.—Ivor Novello.

B. 905.

Louise Leigh.

The twinkles in her eye (with chorus).

Philip Brakam.

The Apache Rag (with chorus).

Philip Brakam.

B. 905.

Louise Leigh, Eric Courtland, and Walter Jefferies.

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Philip Brakam.

Louise Leigh.

Peter Pan (with chorus).

Jod & Conard.

THE MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA.

12-inch double-sided record. 5/6

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that can be stropped with-
out removing the blade.



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Heavily silver-plated razor, complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and six finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated) **10/6**

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DR. MUEHLON'S DIARY.

IT is not to be denied that throughout the war the Germans have shown decided courage of a physical kind (though now surrendering in droves, companies, and battalions), but they and their leaders have been singularly lacking in the higher moral quality of the virtue—namely, the courage which can recognise and speak the truth, "uncaring consequences," in Bernian phrase. Napoleon was once characterised as the "greatest leader and greatest liar of his time"; but in the latter respect he could not hold a candle to Ludendorff, whose bulletins and communiqués are, as a rule, the most monstrous and misleading perversions of military truth ever penned.

It is just the same with the statesmen, diplomats, publicists, and journalists of Germany, of whom not more than half-a-dozen—including the Polish-Jew editor of the *Zukunft*—could be named who seem to have the courage of their convictions. One of them is another Pole (though not of the Semitic variety), Prince Lichnowsky, whose account of his mission to London is a perfect monument, or masterpiece, of courage; while quite on the same level of honesty and candour is Dr. Muehlon, an ex-director of Krupp's, who, in three separate publications, has thrown a flood of fresh light—which must be very distressing to the Kaiser and the rest of his countrymen—on the causes of the war.

One of these documents was a letter addressed in May 1917 to the then Imperial Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, in which Dr. Muehlon (the recipient of a comfortable £10,000 a year from the "Cannon-King" of Essen) washed his hands of all complicity with the doings and schemings of the war-gang; the second was a memorandum, on Lich-

nowsky lines, as to the immediate origin of the war; while the third is the "Diary" which he kept for the first few months of the war, and which (translated by an undeclared English hand) has now been published by Cassell.

The first two of these "human documents" could only have been written by Dr. Muehlon himself, with his special

from the front," one of which "brings me the astounding piece of news that the German Emperor himself, in an harangue to a party of officers, declared in effect that he has now prisoners enough, and hopes the officers will see that no more are taken. The news is quite reliable." "So long as Moltke (the younger) was there (at the front) the Kaiser really took the lead. Therefore his resignation

amounts to a fiasco of the Kaiser's." This fiasco took the form of the first German débâcle on the Marne, about which, however, our militant diarist has nothing whatever to tell us. Possibly this was because the German Press—as his principal source of information—had been forbidden to enlighten its readers on the subject, though Dr. Muehlon appears to have had special sources of supply with regard to the naval position of the war, as witness this extraordinary entry in his journal under date Aug. 16, 1914: "As to England, the whole situation is very extraordinary. The German Fleet has hunted for the English Fleet all the way up to Scotland in vain—it is nowhere to be found. Our Baltic Fleet has now come back again, as it would not do to have its base of operations at too great a distance from home. Our submarine flotilla actually sailed right round Scotland, with the loss of only one submarine (U 15). It is supposed that England

desires to avoid a battle so as not to weaken her command of the sea; and also, perhaps, because large classes in England do not like the war. England will, no doubt, take care that France alone shall 'bleed.'" On the other hand, Dr. Muehlon indulges in abuse of the German Press, the German Government, and even of the German people, in a spirit which could not be surpassed by our own bitterest commentators—a spirit which the Doctor himself is now all the more free to indulge from the Switzerland in which, like Lichnowsky, he was prudent enough to find an asylum.



THE CAMBRAI FIGHTING: CANADIAN SCOTTISH MOVING UP INTO THE FIGHT.—[Canadian War Record.]

knowledge of events derived through his confidential relations with Krupp and other high official personages; while the "Diary" might have been penned by almost anybody of prominent position, possessing a fairly good inside acquaintance with affairs and with the leaders thereof. It is more a critical commentary on undercurrents than a fresh contribution to our comprehension of *les origines de la guerre*. His informants are mainly anonymous this time—like "a gentleman just returned from Liège," a "correspondent in one of the papers," as well as "letters

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FOR years the manufacturers of Wolsey have been fighting, unaided, German trade penetration in the markets at home and over the seas. Now, through circumstances beyond Wolsey control, Wolsey is unable to continue the struggle. Owing to the urgent wants of the fighting men of Britain and America, the Government controls the manufacture of all woollen underwear for civilian wear. Every machine in the Wolsey factories capable of making underwear and other comforts for the troops is engaged on the work. Supplies of Wolsey are therefore restricted.

Wolsey

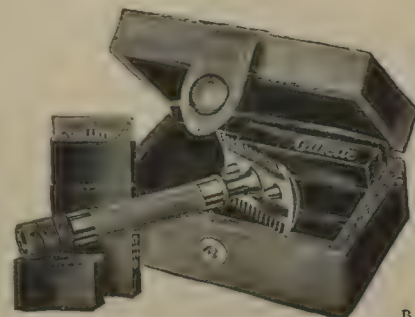
Pure Wool Underwear

As soon as conditions permit it, Wolsey will be manufactured in sufficient quantities to meet the ever-growing public demand. Wolsey costs more to-day owing to the high cost of wool. If your dealer cannot supply you with Wolsey, ask him to reserve what you want from his next deliveries.

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LADIES' NEWS.

PEERESSES in their own right are not to have votes, although Peeresses by marriage with Peers are allowed this privilege! There are twenty-two such Peeresses as may not vote, including Viscountess Rhonda. One is a minor, and none of these may sit in the House of Lords. Lady Rhonda, who has proved her ability to sit on boards of business men, is credited with a determination to claim her position in the Upper House should she succeed it would be a precedent, for up to now Peeresses could only be represented by their husbands as proxy, if they so desired. Some of the younger and more enterprising of the Peers doubtless would be glad of the chance of the breeziness of a feminine invasion of the Chamber. If history is right, it has seldom wanted for feminine influence, of that fascinating character known as pulling wires. Some of our ablest Peeresses, such as the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Brassey, Lady Cowdray, Lady Burnham, Lady Glanusk, Lady Glenconner, etc., have votes; it would therefore seem

unfair that the Peeresses in their own right should have no say at all in the country's concerns. So many and such great changes have come quietly about that this one may quite easily slip in too. Very few of the Peeresses, and certainly not the highest one, the Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife, will give any support to a crusade for their rights to seats.

There is no fear of this autumn ushering in a winter of our discontent, for news from all fronts encourages us and lifts our hearts, despite the threatened coal and light shortage. As to us women, I verily believe the dress campaign is more attractive than it ever was. To this conclusion I was brought by a visit to the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove. Always up to date, with old reputation for giving the very best of value, it is an establishment with traditions and enterprise—two things that do not always go together. Looking at the beautifully varied millinery, it struck me that small hats will be in chief favour, and that, put on at a piquant angle and well over the hair, they are particularly smart and not a little becoming. There is every sign of democracy in head-gear, and the decisions between brimless and wide-brimmed, high-crowned and low, are best left to the experts who preside and who know far better what suits a woman than she does herself. There are varied styles in dresses also, and on the whole they are of great beauty. If there is a shortage of certain materials, as we are told, the hiatus is so cleverly bridged at Marshall's—as the firm is familiarly known—that we do not observe it. Those for autumn wear are rich, soft, and beautiful, alike in colour and in texture. A visit to Marshall's is a real pleasure; few places have such a dignity, combined with such a smartness and go. Good quality, with which the absence of German and Austrian cheap substitutes has made us once more in love, is always a feature at this house.

Coats for all times they ought to be called—those knitted and woven garments that all of us women are so dependent upon. This winter they will be better beloved than ever, for in our insufficiently heated houses these coats will be our cosy and becoming refuge from cold. Debenham and Freebody's give one a liberal education in them. They are of all sorts and sizes, from useful little "Shetties" to beautiful examples in thick silk, and to those of crêpe-de-Chine or of georgette, sometimes brocade and trimmed with fur. These are ideal for afternoon tea, followed by a game of bridge, or for a little dinner preceding a similar pastime, or the play. A great advantage about Debenham's is that they have always a very large

number of the e coats and jumpers, and that they recognise the existence—even during rationing—of plump figures and of large-framed members of our sex. The same is true of their beautiful rest and outdoor costumes, and of their comfortable and hand-some outdoor coats; some further trimmed; others, just as smart in the r way, plain or with touches of a reverse side showing a check or some design. Now that the autumn dress campaign is fully unfolded, there is a pleasant assemblage every afternoon at the big house in Wigmore Street.

Whatever is wanted in the way of equipment—naval, military, or civilian—the

(Continued overleaf.)



IN THE FASHION OF TO-DAY: A WOOLLEN STOCKINGETTE DRESS.

The fashion for dresses in stockingette is seasonable and spreading. The one illustrated is made in an exclusive style by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Ltd., of Wigmore Street, W., in the new autumn shades. It is stitched with wool and trimmed with fur at the neck and cuffs. Stockingette is a favourite material for coats and skirts, coats and coat-frocks.



COMFORT AND CHARM: A VELVET AND ERMINE COAT.

and the most comfortable and charming of all. It is made in an exclusive style by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Ltd., of Wigmore Street, W., in the new autumn shades. It is stitched with wool and trimmed with fur at the neck and cuffs. Stockingette is a favourite material for coats and skirts, coats and coat-frocks.



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"Here's a Cameron! You'll have no excuse now for not writing me." The Cameron Safety Self-Filler makes letter-writing a pleasure. When empty there's no filler to hunt for, no special ink-bottle to find. Just dip into any ink-bottle and press the bars, and your Cameron is ready for immediate and efficient service.

You have a choice of five distinctive nibs in the Cameron—one of these is sure to suit your style. With Waverley, Hindoo, "J," Bankers or Normal Nib, 15/-.

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Illustrated List from your Stationer, or MACNIVEN and CAMERON, Cameron House, 26-28, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS' MANIFESTO

(Reprinted from the "REFEREE.")

To the Hundred Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair, GREETING: Know all of you, in consequence of the immense demand for my remedy, Tatcho, and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations, I have been compelled to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself.

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

Dr. Edward E. Phillips, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. London (retired), ex-Mayor of Bath, Alderman and J.P., writing from Sydney House, Sydney Gardens, Bath, states:—

"I am taking this opportunity to say a good word for Tatcho. I have used it for years, and I feel sure it has been of the greatest value. Although I am getting aged, I have a fair crop of hair left. I have recommended Tatcho to many others, and all have been satisfied. This is an unsolicited testimonial, and I give it entirely 'off my own bat.' You are at liberty to make use of this. Anyone may refer to me. I assure you I have never given a testimonial of any kind before."



"WAKE UP, TATCHO!"

Tatcho is now a recognised necessity in every well-ordered nursery. You know how children revel in having done for them what father and mother themselves do, how happy it makes them, how much enjoyment it brings into their little lives. A nightly friction with Tatcho before he is ready for "bye-bye" not only pleases every child, but lays the foundation for a vigorous growth of hair, which means everything to its personal appearance in after-life.



"Beauty in man or woman is a gift divine; yet the crowning beauty is the hair, lacking which there is no true perfection."—
SIR W. DAVENANT.

Princess Eugenie Cristoforo-Palcoologue, Lady Collins, Lady Sykes, Lady Powell, Commander T. Wolfe Murray, Colonel Bagot-Chester, Colonel Perry are, amongst hundreds of Society leaders, grateful users of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' wonderful hair-grower Tatcho. What Tatcho has done for them, it can and will do for you.

What every Woman knows.

Every woman knows that to be described as "pretty" is one thing; to be regarded as beautiful is quite another thing. The beauty that men admire is generally associated in their minds with luxurious hair. A face that is merely pretty becomes beautiful when crowned with a fine head of hair. Healthy, glossy and abundant hair is, indeed, of paramount importance to a woman. Then why not have it? Give Tatcho a trial.

Tatcho is the proved Remedy for the hair. It restores health and vigour and crowns the user's head with an abundant growth. It was introduced to the public by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the famous author, dramatist and philanthropist, and its merits have been recognised and gratefully acknowledged in every part of the world. Is your hair getting thin? Is it lacking in life and lustre? Is it fast falling out? Then try Tatcho, and prove for yourself that it will do for you what it has done for many thousands who were suffering in the same way. Tatcho is a clear, spirituous preparation, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A few drops rubbed in each morning work marvels on the neglected head of hair. After Tatcho has done its work, nothing but the Tatcho hair Health Brush should be used.



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"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

Get your Chemist, who is authorised to do so, to supply a 4/6 bottle for 2/9, or will be mailed from the CHIEF CHEMIST, TATCHO LABORATORIES, Kingsway, London

Chemists and Stores everywhere. 1/3 and 4/6

Continued.
place to be "put wise," to use an Americanism, is Gamage's great house in Holborn. Hundreds of our sex are there day after day finding out the very best kind of warmth-ensuring clothes to send to their menkind, watching, flying, fighting—all such cold, wet, and grim businesses that when we think of them we are duly thankful for the comforts of home so really little curtailed. Service trench-coats are being purchased in scores by the men home on leave, and going out to what they know so well they have to face. These cost five guineas, and adaptable fleece linings for them 39s. 6d. and 45s.; as they are in all sizes at this big service store, the demand is very great. The Flanders waistcoat, in tan leather, warmly lined, with long sleeves, for two guineas, is another favourite garment with our men. Young folk look on Gamage's as the modern Genius of the Lamp. Whatever they want, whether school outfits, sports clothes, games, mechanical parts of wholes, girls' games, bicycles, lamps, watches—in fact, the thousand-and-one things boys and girls do yearn for—they don't even have to rub the lamp, they just go to Gamage's. The fact that the best value is guaranteed enables parents to encourage their youngsters to follow their own lead, and, whatever they require, get it at Gamage's.

A curious request was made by a sailor man going away, he believed, very far and for very long. It was for



MOTOR-DRIVING FOR THE R.A.F.: MRS. GORDON COLMAN

Mrs. Gordon Colman is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Barnard Hanbury, J.P., of Fetcham Park, Surrey.
Photograph by Bertram Park.

the cover picture of Harrod's Autumn Book. It would, he said, be framed in his cabin, and remind him what a smart Englishwoman would look like this autumn. As it is a charming picture, and bears a distinct resemblance to the said sailor's wife, she not only let him have it, but bought it a frame!

Specials are everywhere these days. Not the useful constable only; our interest is more in Special Autumn Shows. I very cordially commend to my readers that at Waring and Gillow's great house in Oxford Street, of "Sundour" fabrics. They are the last word in economy and beauty for casement curtains, and in heavier quality for furniture covers. Explanation of the agreeably easy prices asked for them is that this far-seeing firm bought a very large quantity eighteen months ago, and their clients are now reaping the benefit, although the price has gone up to double. Colours are absolutely guaranteed against fading by exposure to sunlight or in washing. Pink, rose, and cream shades, although of the best ordinary dyes, cannot be so unquestionably guaranteed, but are offered proportionately cheaply. At prices from 1s. 11d. to 7s. 11d. a yard, these fabrics are the joy of the house-proud, and a most excellent investment. A visit to this gigantic establishment is always a pleasure, for in each of its departments the variety of choice is as satisfactory as the splendid quality of the things shown. A. E. L.

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A client writes:—"I find I simply cannot do without your Preparations. I have tried everything in the world, and find nothing that can compare with yours."

The Ganesh Diable Tonic is the best known Preparation for clearing, cleaning, and whitening the skin—it closes the pores and is an excellent wash for tired eyes. Prices: 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 21/6 and 57/6 per bottle.

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"CHAMINADE" } Bottles
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"TRIOMPHE" } & 20/4

"JUNE ROSES" } Bottles
"SERENADE" } 2/9, 7/2
"YESHA" } & 16/-

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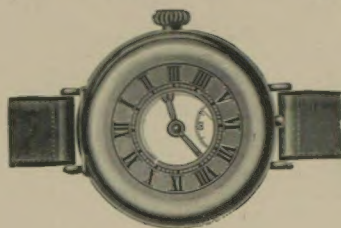
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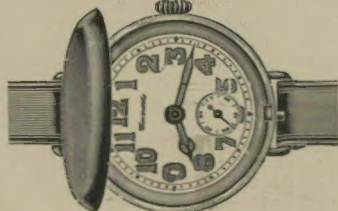
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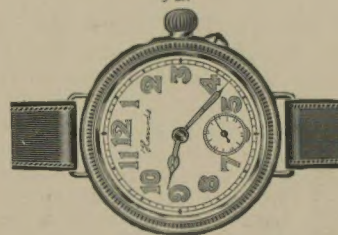
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All that, however, is a story of the past, and to-day we are able to make all the apparatus required for the needs of war, and to make it not only up to the best of the enemy's standard, but well in advance of it. Whether

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Bosch has produced or can produce. So far has the art of magneto manufacture progressed that it is certain that we can, with existing knowledge and facilities, supply the

whole of our post-war requirements and leave a substantial margin for overseas markets, if we do not fail in the necessary preparation for the post-bellum commercial war. Recently I have had the opportunity of visiting all the important factories in which this essential industry is being conducted, and I have been more than struck by the wonderful development which has taken place. To go through a works like that of the B.L.I.C. Company—a branch of the great Vickers concern—and study the thousand-and-one processes which go to the production of the finished magneto, is to come away convinced that the days of the haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods which were one time characteristic of British production have gone for ever, and have been succeeded by an era of scientific adaptation of means to an end—that end being to translate the findings of the laboratory into terms of commercial efficiency. I am not going to attempt any description of the methods and processes by which it is attained. For one thing, it would require much more space than I have at disposal; and, for another, I might inadvertently say something that would be better unsaid. Sufficient it is, therefore, to say that nowhere in the factories of the world have I seen better methods, more painstaking and conscientious effort, backed by the last word in scientific knowledge, than here. One comes away with the conviction that, if our commercial enterprise is of the same standard, then we have the world at our feet at least so far as this one branch of the electrical industry is concerned. And there seems no reason why we should not be able to do as much in other directions as in this, given the will.

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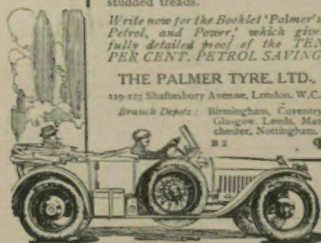
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